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THE DEMOCRATIC MICROBES.

PUCK. —Gentlemen, we have here the most dangerous germs in the body politic.



#### HIGH.

The father, who had got rich making sausages that were old at once, was nothing if not democratic.

"His highness, indeed!" he exclaimed, with fine scorn.

"Faugh! Why do you say his highness?"

"Well, he won't look at a cent less than ten millions," replied the beautiful young girl, his daughter, willing to justify herself.

#### HIS HUGE HEAD.

"I reckon, my friends," began a somewhat moss-grown, but eminently astute, candidate for the Arkansas legislature, addressing an outpouring of the toiling masses of Izzard county, "that everything that was worth sayin'—and considerable more, too—about the tariff and silver and the inickertous trusts, and all such as that, was said before I broke into the political areny, so I'll just remark that if I'm elected I'll be too busy attendin' to my duties to do more than come back here after a spell and make you-all a short speech of thanks; but if I ain't elected I'll have plenty of time to make you two long speeches, and mebby more, and kiss all the babies, and otherwise prepare the way for bein' elected the next time. That's all I've got to say at present, except that I am in your hands from this time forth, and the keg is over yonder in Plunk Sagg's barn, right now. A word to the wise is, or ort to be, sufficient."

It is almost redundant to add that this broad-minded patriot was at election time rushed into the office he craved, with all the whoop and *éclat* of a cattle stampede.

#### JUST SO.

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Pa, why do they call the end of a college student's school life the commencement?

MR. CALLIPERS.—Oh, because that is when the matter-of-fact old world commences to take the conceit out of him.

#### PARSIFALEPSIS.

A form of hysteria.

Symptoms:

The parsifaleptic is affected by noise. If a series of waiters fail down with trays of dishes, he discovers a leit-motif and unending melody and is unable to eat. A powerful human voice yelling the principal parts of German irregular verbs induces reverence, or cataleptoid hypnosis. Coming out of the trance, the patient remembers nothing; a woman often can not tell who were in the other boxes.

Etiology:

Parsifalepsis originated in Bayreuth. In former times tourists were not searched, and thus carried away germs in their clothes, to all parts of the world.

Therapeutics:

Infirmaries where patients shall constantly see themselves as others see them are projected.

#### PROBABLY NOTHING.

A man tried to get a pink fuchsia  
To grow in St. Petersburg, Ruchsia,  
But always in vain,  
Till he cried, in much pain:  
"Will nothing, O fuchsia, induchia?"

#### GINSENG.

OMAHA.—The ginseng crop is estimated at forty billion tons.

CHICAGO.—Ginseng fell off nineteen points on the report that the gods of China refuse to be propitiated by American ginseng unless the Chinese Exclusion Act is repealed or radically modified.

WASHINGTON.—A powerful lobby of farmers is working for the repeal of the Chinese Exclusion Act.

BANGOR.—The soil of New England being too rocky to raise ginseng, her representatives in Congress are expected to stand resolutely in defense of the integrity of American manhood, opposing the repeal of the Chinese Exclusion Act to the uttermost.

THE SUCCESSFUL entertainer entertains first of all no doubt of herself.

IN PRACTICE, Can't sometimes becomes Can merely by dropping the apostrophe.



#### POLICE PERQUISITES.

OFFICER CLANCY.—Why did Casey arrest that felly fer scorchin'?

OFFICER HOGAN.—Shure, Casey is new on th' force, and wanted t' injy th' sensation of a roide to th' station in a tourin'-car.





PUCK



# The Wooing

(In other years than Leap years, also.)

MY LADY WOOS — Ah, do not start  
In shocked surprise. With her nice art  
It seems, the while she plays the part,  
That *she* is wooed.  
Each play is delicate but sure,  
And her demeanor 's so demure  
The Prince could ne'er suspect a lure —  
'T were not his mood.

And when she is expecting him  
Does not the light that 's burning dim  
A background that 's romantic limn  
In soft detail?  
Is not the very atmosphere,  
When time for him to come draws near,  
Charm-laden? Does not Love's good cheer  
O'er all prevail?

My Lady woos — How else could he,  
Poor blind one, know what was to be,  
Or Cupid e'er enforce decree  
Of banns and bond?  
How could My Lady e'er be won  
Were not some of the wooing done  
By her? 'T would make, if there were none,  
The world despond.

Ah, when the Prince a-wooing goes,  
With sighs and smiles, he little knows  
Romance's beacon only glows  
To cheer his mood;  
And when My Lady, so demure,  
Smiles on his love-fed calenture  
He 'd know, could he discern the lure,  
That he was wooed!

Wood Lovette Wilson.

## BOSTON.

Taking the New York, New Haven and Hartford railway at New York, you are at once carried back into the romantic past, although the management of this property is more modern than it used to be.

You will know when you near Boston by the brakemen beginning to say opus instead of opera. Moreover, the air of refinement now pervades everything.

You will find Boston full of objects of historic significance. Besides Harvard and the Common, there are women wearing the polonnais and men with Kossuth hats.

Faneuil Hall is the cradle of our liberties, a relic of the age when neither liberties nor babies were as yet obsolete.

The Charles is a silent stream. Otherwise it would be the Cholly.

The visitor should ask about the frieze of the Public Library. Otherwise he is likely to be frozen.

Boston is the Athens of America. This is due to the circumstance of the mere mothers being confined to one quarter of the city, called the Areopagus, or Hill of Mas.

## HIS TROPHY.

"While the rest of the agricultural population of this broad Land of the Free are boasting of the tall corn, portly pumpkins, big — er-hm! — gentlemen-cows, and so forth, that they are going to take to the World's Fair," said

Uncle Timrod Tarpy, addressing in a general way the Sit Argue Club, informally assembled in the corner grocery, "I am quietly contemplating exhibiting a petrified hired-man, turned to stone in the attitude of sitting in the shade and whittling out a nice, complicated wooden puzzle; and with his entire body, figuratively speaking, stuffed with spring chicken, buckwheat cakes, and the like, and his head filled with putty. I've got him right now, up at my place, and his name is Amzi Pottle, slug-gard extraordinary and lout plenipotentiary, confound him!"

THERE ARE SO many literary persons who would hold the mirror up to nature if they had the mirror!

MANY a guilty conscience gets along very comfortably until it finds the finger of suspicion is pointing at it.



YOUNG ENTERPRISE.

NEWS BOY. — Carry yer bag, Mister?

**A** man's friends are his enemy's enemies. If he is his own enemy, everybody is his friend.



QUITE NATURAL.

MARGARET.—I'd hate to be as old as you.  
 AUNT CAROLINE.—The idea!  
 MARGARET.—Well, if you were as young as I am, would n't you hate to be as old as *you* are?



# PUCK

## "DE CONJURE WOMAN."



DE CONJURE woman she dun meet me  
In de sumac groun' by de ol' line tree,  
On a summe night when de moon was dahk  
En de gray owls hoot en de foxes bahk;  
En, landsy me! how mah knees dey shook  
When she chant a verse fum de ol' witch book.  
Way out yandeh in de sumac groun'  
Wheh de night toads hop en de bats fly 'roun'.

De conjure woman she dig in her bag,  
She pull out a bone wrapped 'roun' wid a rag;  
En a lizahd's tail en a hosshaih bow,  
Some graveyahd moul' en a wohm det glow;  
En she say, dess drop dis deep in yo' well,  
En yo 'll heah no mo' ob de evil spell.  
Way out yandeh in de sumac groun'  
Wheh de night toads hop en de bats fly 'roun'.

De conjure woman—Ah do es she tell,  
Ah drop det chahm in de gahden well;  
Ah drink det wahteh till Ah 'm almost daid,  
Ah roll on my back en stan' on mah haid;  
But Ah guess Ah 'm betteh—de spell go way,  
Leas' det am what de conjure woman say.  
Way out yandeh in de sumac groun'  
Wheh de night toads hop en de bats fly 'roun'.

Victor A. Hermann.



## ORDERLY.

When the mob, after the exchange of the usual commonplaces, asked for the sheriff, they were courteously informed that that official was not in.

"There is treachery here!" exclaimed they. "It was the distinct under-



## STUCK, B'GOSH!

FARMER MEDDERS.—But I thought Widder Jones wa'nt goin' ter take no more Summer boarders.

FARMER WHIFFLETREE.—Wal, she took one of 'em fer better or wuss last year an' now she 's got ter take more ter support *him*.

## ANNIVERSARY.

"Here is an invitation to Mabel and Robert's silver divorce."  
"Dear, dear! Can it be ten years since they parted?"

standing that he was to meet us here and be overpowered at 7:30 o'clock sharp, standard time."

Certain hot-heads were for proceeding with the lynching, anyway, but the majority would not listen to them.

"We shall do this thing in an orderly way or not at all," said the latter, firmly.

The story afterwards got around that the sheriff, after giving his word that he would be on hand, had accepted a bribe from certain powerful interests which wished the law to take its course; but it was impossible to prove anything.

## FLOWER.

"He is the flower of the family."

"Possibly. He seems to be a blooming idiot."

## SPARKING.

"You were sparking in the parlor last night?" ventured the old father, essaying to be gay.

The daughter, a queenly beauty, even in her wrapper, regarded him with acerbity. "Do you take me for a gasoline motor?" she hissed, and turned on her heel.



## GENTILITY.

The English can afford to take three generations to make a gentleman. Labor is cheaper, and it is easier to keep money in the family, with their laws of entail.

Six weeks is about the limit, in America. If we were to specify three generations, in letting the contract, the contractor would probably make it four or five, on the ground of strikes, scarcity of material, etc.

Fortunately, our wealthy are recruited mostly from among those who already own books of social forms.

**I**t is proper to speak of the weather in polite society, if the weather is not too bad, and you speak guardedly.

PUCK



A SPRING CONFESSION.

BELLE.—You were always fond of flowers, were you not?

BOB.—Why, yes, except during a short interval in which I studied botany.

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**E**asy street is neither the poorest nor the richest street in town.



## PUCK



### PUCK

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### CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**JEFFERSON, THE DEMORALIZER.** **J**EFFERSON'S BIRTHDAY, as usual, was an occasion for much oratory—Democratic oratory; and in cases where the orator was unable to get around, for Democratic letter-writing. As in former years, our memory was well jogged as to Jeffersonian principles, Jeffersonian precedents and, in no sense least, Jeffersonian simplicity; the occasion requiring it because, in the minds of many, just what "the great exemplar" stood for in Democracy is not entirely clear. Jefferson, we know, is Democracy's guide-post. That has been ably set forth and widely published. But Democracy's stumbling block, also, may Jefferson prove. That has not been set forth or published, though its truth is far from obscure. For example, under this head, both factions of the Democratic party quote Jefferson as their authority. Mr. Bryan does. So does Mr. Cleveland. Both gentlemen contributed generously to this year's birthday output. But, starting from the same point, Jefferson, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Cleveland reach conclusions that are

notoriously opposite, and neither, is it likely, will gracefully admit that the other is right. Certainly, not now. The political axiom—Democrats believing in the same man, believe likewise in each other—is therefore a long way from adoption. Consequently, if harmony for campaign purposes be a Democratic object, the least said about Jefferson from now on the better, except in private or a long way from the nearest habitation. Otherwise, in the coming struggle, the sage of Monticello may all inadvertently repeat his performance of four years ago; on which occasion, it will be recollected, he was both *for* expansion and *against* it, and both factions of the party were equally sure of him. Unquestionably, as Mr. Bryan and Mr. Cleveland aver, it is advisable at this time that the principles of Jefferson should be thoroughly understood, but unless there be somewhere a hitherto undiscovered manuscript, who is to tell us authoritatively what those principles are? Why not go ahead and elect a president just as if there had been no Jefferson?

#### OUR UNDERPAID ALDERMEN.

**I**T SMACKS of the brutal, we think, when a member of an august body, like the New York Board of Aldermen, arises in meeting and declares emphatically that an alderman's salary is about all he is worth to the city; particularly when that "all" is small, as it happens to be in the present case. An alderman's salary in this town is \$1,000 a year. General Sickles, who is one of the Board himself, deems it an ample sufficiency; and has said so in a manner frank and bland. His opinion, however, as might be expected, has had little or no effect upon those of the Board who believe, and are fully as frank in speech, that the pay is far from enough and ought to be raised at once. All told, it is a delicate matter, this question of aldermanic worth. But merely for the sake of consistency, if for nothing else, it is our notion that the pay should be increased, and substantially. Then might it cease to be a common thing for an alderman in prospect to spend more in his struggle for office than the city will pay him annually, if he gets elected. Indeed, at the present ratio of expenses and salary, officeholding in the Aldermanic Chamber seems nothing short of financial hardship—that is, unless there be perquisites attached, with which we are unfamiliar. Two facts there are, however, which prospective city fathers should bear in mind. The salary of an alderman is no profound secret. And a man needn't be an alderman unless he wants to.



#### A SPRING SONG.

'T is myself that is sick for the Winter's breaking,  
It 's myself that is sad for the April's waking—  
( 'T is the thought that I 'm thinking the whole day long,  
'T is the dream that I dream by night.)  
When all the green of the grass is growing  
And all the bloom of the blossoms blowing,  
And the world will be all in white, Asthore,  
The world will be all in white.

And it 's oh, for the blue of the April weather,  
And the morn when the two of us walk together—  
( 'T is the thought that I 'm thinking the whole day long,  
'T is the dream that I dream by night.)  
With all the birds in the parish singing,  
And all the bells in the chapel ringing,  
And yourself will be all in white, Asthore,  
And yourself will be all in white.

Theodosia Garrison.

#### THIS TIME, NEXT YEAR.

President Baer has entered the ministry.

Congressman Baker had his diamonds stolen on Tuesday.

A Sunday Comic Supplement has been made a regular feature of "The Commoner."

Mr. Grout is commencing to look about him, the municipal elections being but six months distant.

The Russian government is in the world's market for warships. An emissary of the Czar, now in New York, has closed a transaction whereby the *Laura M. Starin*, the *Little Silver* and the *Mary Powell* will reinforce the Port Arthur fleet.

#### GIRLISH.

"Spring!" exclaimed the young girl, rapturously. "What a relief it is after being cooped up all Winter with nothing to do but drink, smoke, gamble and violate old proprieties day after day, to get out with one's automobile and kill somebody!"

#### A LOVABLE CHARACTER.

**SINGLETON.**—How did you come to fall in love with your wife?  
**LITTLETON.**—I married her for her money, and afterward discovered that she possessed twice as much as she claimed to have.



#### HORRORS!

**BISQUE DOLL.**—Why, you 're not afraid of mice, are you?  
**SAWDUST DOLL.**—Yes, indeed, I am. A mouse bit me once and all my breakfast food ran out.



THE PUCK PRESS.

THE REAL OBJECTION TO SMOOT.



PUCK



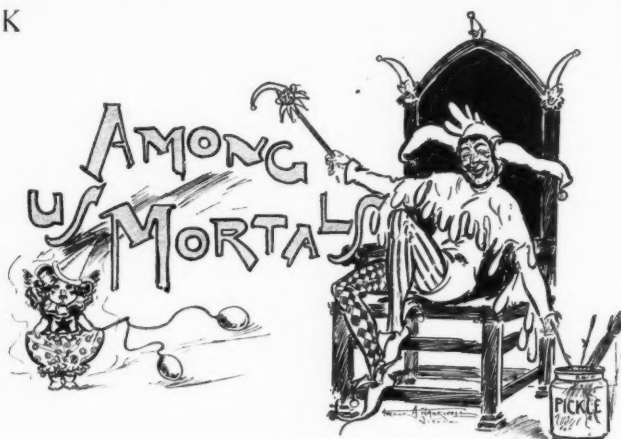


THE BEST POLICY.

"Did that bank cashier come well recommended?"  
 "Very. He refunded over half what he embezzled at his last place."

HIS POSITION.

"I have heard or read somewhere," mused the young lover, "that Wordsworth, or some such name, the poet—I believe he was a poet, or something of the kind—once described woman, if I have n't forgotten the way the remark ran, as being 'A creature not too bright or good for human nature's daily food.' I don't know exactly what he meant—very likely he did n't know, himself—but, anyhow, I do know one thing: She is sweet enough to eat—Gladys Jones is!"



DRINK.

"Will you have some of that which biteth like a serpent?"  
 "Er—a small nip, if you please."

PARTS.

"His friends speak of him as a man of parts."  
 "Well, they should know. He has quartered himself on them for years."

WORK.

The life of a slave to fashion was not, the woman still insisted, by any means an easy life.  
 "I work!" she exclaimed, "like a clothes-horse!"

INTELLIGENCE.

Once upon a time a Dog came upon a man eating what he liked, regardless.  
 "His intelligence is almost canine!" exclaimed the Dog, glowing.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS are mostly persons who can have a claim under their hats without knowing it.

FOR ALL practical purposes, a sucker is born only every two minutes, every other sucker being born lucky.

P. R. Benson.



OMINOUS.

"I don't think our show will last long."  
 "I guess not. The angel has opened his eyes and shut his check book."

**M**ost of our political economy nowadays seems to end in official extravagance.





## The Beverage of Health

Pure beer—Schlitz beer—is the best drink in the world for you.

The malt is a food; the hops a tonic. The alcohol—only 3½ per cent—is an aid to digestion; a healthful stimulant.

The most healthy nations in the world—the most hardy, most energetic—drink the most of it.

But the beer must be pure.

Impurity means germs and germs are harmful. That is why we brew Schlitz in absolute cleanliness. That's why we filter even the air that touches it, then filter the product, then sterilize every bottle.

And the beer must be aged.

Green beer causes biliousness. That's why we age Schlitz for months before we market it.

Schlitz beer is absolutely pure; it can't harm you. And the habit of drinking it is good for you. Ask for the brewery bottling.



**The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous.**

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

## SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

### NO RESPIRE.

The mournful truth will soon be felt,  
Which every Summer we must learn:  
It costs as much for ice to melt  
As it has cost for coal to burn.

—Washington Star.

All over the civilized world

### THE IMPROVED BOSTON GARTER

IS KNOWN and WORN Every Pair Warranted

The Name is stamped on every loop—

The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

ALWAYS EASY

Send 50c. for Silk, 25c. for Cotton, Sample Pair.

Geo. Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

## SURBRUG'S Arcadia MIXTURE.

There is only one mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out. This is tobacco to live for.

My Lady Nicotine (p. 17.)

**Shine on!**

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

### Bar Keeper's Friend

lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

## WILSON WHISKEY

### THAT'S ALL!

### MATERNAL AFFECTION.

The other day, at a rural railway station, a colored mother, who was waiting for her child, exclaimed, as the youngster was handed to her from the train: "Lawd bless his honey-sweetness! Ain't he de blackest—sweetest little satan dat ever you did see?"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

### JERSEY FOSSIL.

"This tusk," said the Jersey commuter, "I dug up in my garden. It's all of four feet long. Remarkable, is n't it?"

"Yes. It's very probably the bill of a prehistoric mosquito."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

### IMPARTIALITY.

DASHAWAY.—I tell you, old man, that the first kiss I got from Miss Pinkerly was delicious.

CLEVERTON.—Don't say a word; I know all about it. I was there after you left.—*Detroit Free Press.*



### A SURE SIGN.

GOTROX.—What did that chap say when we ran over him?

CHAUFFEUR.—Said he was delighted and hoped you were quite well and —

GOTROX.—Speed on quickly! That must be one of my poor relations.

### TICKLED TO DEATH.

"I never knew any one who could be so tickled with a feather as my wife."

"Ticklish, is she?"

"Not usually; but this was an ostrich feather she bought at a bargain sale."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

### CONTINGENT INDIGNATION.

"Are n't you angry because your husband bets on the races?"

"I don't know yet," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "I have n't heard whether he won to-day or not."—*Washington Star.*

EVER THINK, boys, that the fingers that spank you were once referred to in love-letters as tapering?—*Atchison Globe.*

## The Leading Whiskey

means that



## Hunter Baltimore Rye

IS

## America's Best

It has attained its phenomenal popularity through its perfection in quality, purity and flavor.

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Abbott's Angostura Bitters has the call wherever an effective tonic for a run-down system is needed: builds up flesh and nerve tissue. Druggists.

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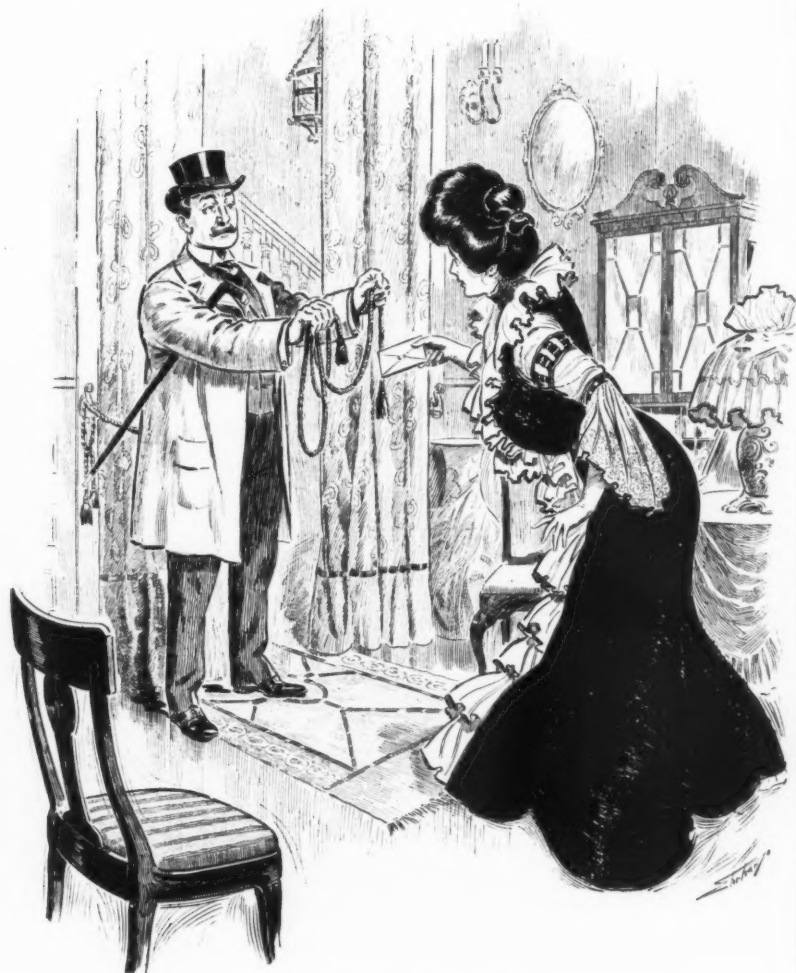


# EGYPTIAN DEITIES

*No Better Turkish Cigarette can be made*

CORK TIPS  
OR PLAIN

Look for Signature  
of S. ANARGYROS



THE HUSBAND'S ZEAL.

MRS. JONES.—Here is a letter I want you to mail, dear. It is to my milliner, countermanding an order for a hat.

MR. JONES.—Here—take this cord and tie both my hands behind my back, so I won't forget it!

Ask for Abbott's Angostura Bitters when you go to druggist or grocer for a reliable tonic in the spring. Abbott's the best for all seasons.

IS IT AS HIGH AS THAT?

CHURCH.—I see a New York man has discovered a new object in the sky.

FLATBUSH.—Gracious! Can it be the lid?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THE first time a boy uses a swear word, he looks for a big black man to swoop down and carry him off; when this does n't happen, he tries it again.—*Atchison Globe*.

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(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)



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writes:

CAMP VICARS, MINDONORA, P. I.

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WM. M. OPDYCKE, 23d U. S. Infantry.

In the arctic regions, or in the tropics, the creamy, healing lather of Williams' Shaving Soap is safe, healthful, satisfying. A boon to mankind.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder, etc., sold everywhere.

Write for Free Booklet, "How to Shave."

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn, U. S. A.

## OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1. 1., Lebanon, Ohio.



40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.  
A. SANTARELLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, Fla.  
Sold by First Class Dealers Everywhere.

### MORE THAN HE SAID.

INVESTOR.—See here! You told me I'd surely clear five or six hundred dollars on that deal.

BROKER.—Well?

INVESTOR.—Well, I barely cleared nine dollars on it.

BROKER.—Indeed? Well, that's more than five dollars is n't it?—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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**POPE** MANUFACTURING  
COMPANY

HARD TO OBEY.

WILLY.—Pa, can't I have some—  
PA.—See here! You've got a plate-  
ful of food before you.

WILLY.—Yes, sir; but—  
PA.—Well, keep your mouth shut  
and eat it.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

REDUCED.

"Too bad about Bangs, is n't it?"  
"Why?"  
"He's so hard up he can't even af-  
ford to be polite!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

**Arnold  
Constable & Co.**  
**Oriental Rugs**  
for  
**Summer Homes.**

Special line in desirable colorings and sizes  
at very reasonable prices.

DOMESTIC RUGS, MATTINGS.

**Broadway & 19th St.**  
NEW YORK

"I came to speak to you about my  
boy," said Mr. Popley. "He is only  
twelve years old, but he writes poetry  
that—"

"Only twelve, you say?" interrupted  
the editor. "Cheer up, man! he's  
young enough to be cured. Consult  
your family physician."—*Phila. Ledger*.

THERE is cash register at the pearly  
gate.—*Ram's Horn*.

*Why Miller* Brews

**"THE BEST"**  
**Milwaukee Beer**

*Because* they purchase the best materials obtain-  
able in the world's market.

*Because* they employ the most capable and skilled  
masters in the art of brewing.

*Because* their plant is fitted out with all the latest  
improvements and machinery known to the  
brewing world.

*Because* of their unexcelled method of cleanliness  
their beer is noted for its absolute purity.

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Why not secure a sample and have your physician  
pass on the quality?

We invite comparison, because we want you to  
know that

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**"The Best" Milwaukee Beer**  
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are the original bottled Cocktails.  
Years of experience have made  
them **THE PERFECT COCKTAILS**  
that they are. Do not be lured  
into buying some imitation. The  
ORIGINAL of anything is good  
enough. When others are offered  
it is for the purpose of larger prof-  
its. Insist upon having the **CLUB**  
COCKTAILS, and take no other.

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HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON

HER ADVICE.

"How much better off a man would  
be if he would take his wife's advice."

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Tor-  
kins. "I have told Charley time and  
again not to bet on horses that don't  
win. But he will do it."—*Wash. Star*.

HERE is a very good argument  
against boarding: Too much excite-  
ment results, and nerve force is wasted,  
when three vegetables are served in-  
stead of two.—*Atchison Globe*.



PROGRESS IN WAR.

THE RUSSIAN report that the Japanese fleet shelled  
Vladivostok, sustaining a loss (in ammunition) esti-  
mated at a hundred thousand dollars, suggests inter-  
esting possibilities in the development of the art of  
war or, at any rate, in the art of war reporting. War  
is rapidly being reduced to a business basis and  
when the process has been completed, we may,  
perhaps, expect despatches in something like the  
following style:

"We had a sharp skirmish with the enemy yester-  
day, driving back his outposts with a loss esti-  
mated at \$341.28. Our own loss was trifling—\$52.61.

"I have the honor to report that a lively engagement took place yesterday  
morning. The enemy advanced and took up a strong position on our right flank,  
but we shelled him regardless of expense and compelled him to withdraw. The  
Fourth Brigade was, at one period of the action, in a decidedly critical position  
and looked as if it might have to go through supplementary proceedings, but the  
Sixteenth Cavalry made a charge as inspiring as a bear raid on the stock market,  
driving back the enemy and, doubtless, costing him considerable money. Our  
loss in the engagement was \$31,742.25, but our financial experts figure that the  
enemy dropped \$123,695.74."

"The heavy expenses of the last few weeks have crippled the enemy's  
resources and it is believed that he is on the point of making an assignment."

"As foreshadowed in my last despatch, the enemy has just sent in a flag of  
truce. He announces that he is unable to pay more than six cents on the dollar  
and, as his creditors have declined to allow him to reorganize he is compelled to  
surrender unconditionally. I told you we'd put him out of business!"

Wm. E. McKenna.

**Itching Devils**



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patches of  
Eczema on  
the skin,  
scalp, or  
hands,  
which are  
instantly

relieved and speedily cured by  
baths with CUTICURA SOAP and  
gentle anointings of CUTICURA  
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IN DOUBT.

"What kind of a climate is this?"  
asked the tourist.

"Don't know," answered the native.  
"We don't have any one kind of  
weather long enough to find out any-  
thing about climate."—*Wash. Star*.

HATE your kin, if you must, but  
don't go to law with them.—*Atchison  
Globe*.

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GOOD WHISKEY

**It's up to YOU**

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Where every hour brings its several joys."

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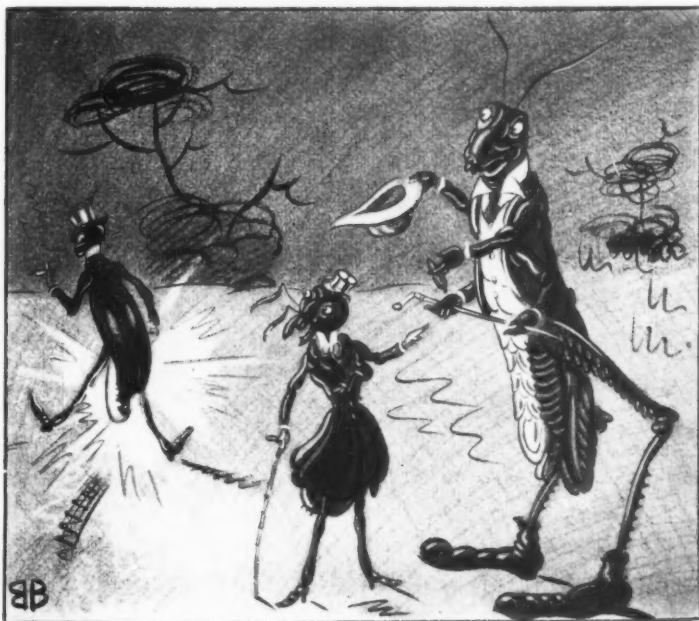
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**SWELL-HEADED.**

THE ANT.—What's the matter with the Firefly? He's getting awfully conceited.

THE GRASSHOPPER.—Oh! He's been reading about radium, and now he imagines he's a multi-millionaire.

Make as many comparisons as you please. Bring along any prejudices you may have had in favor of foreign brews and see if

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will not convince you that in brewing, as in other arts, America leads the world.  
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Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

LOOKING AHEAD.

"Here's an advertiser," said the Western editor's assistant, "who offers us one of his 'Patent Sadirons for Shirt Bosoms' in exchange for advertising space."

"Accept it, of course," replied the editor. "Some day we may acquire a shirt in the same way."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



## MOTOR BOATS

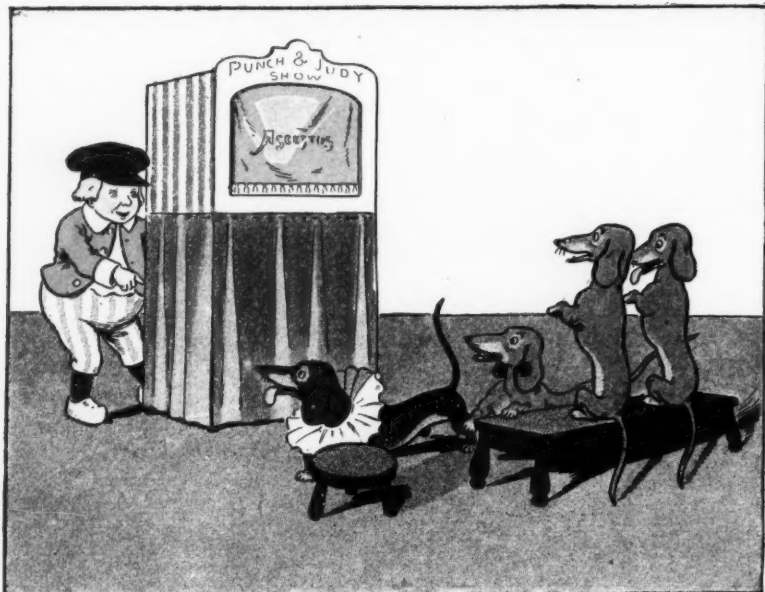
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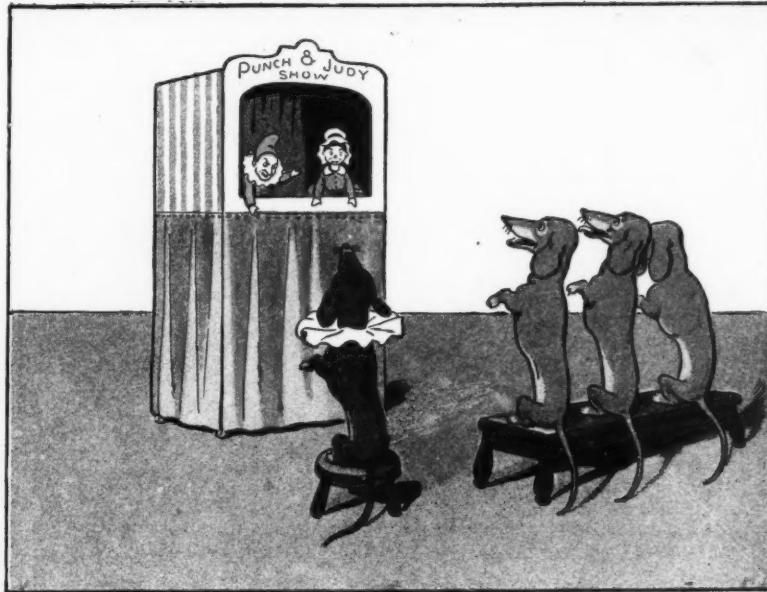


WHEN a girl is n't good-looking, her true friends blame it on the milliner and dressmaker.—*Atchison Globe.*

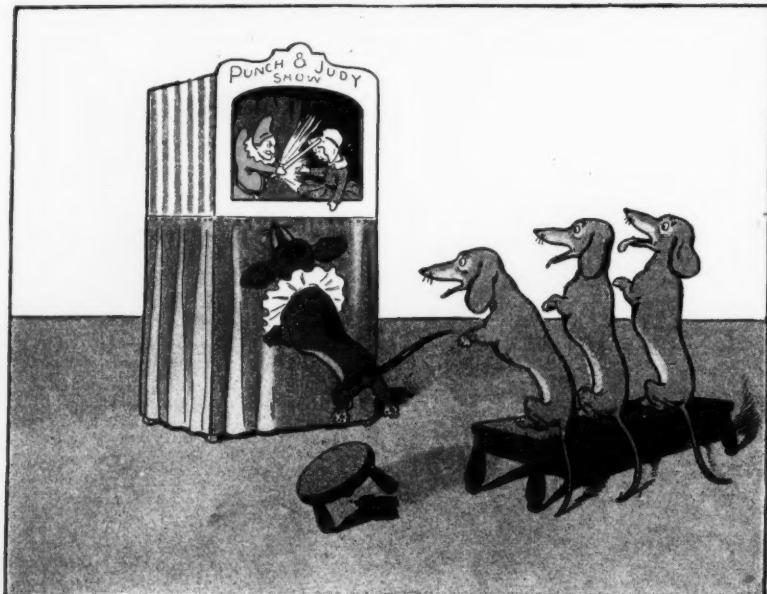
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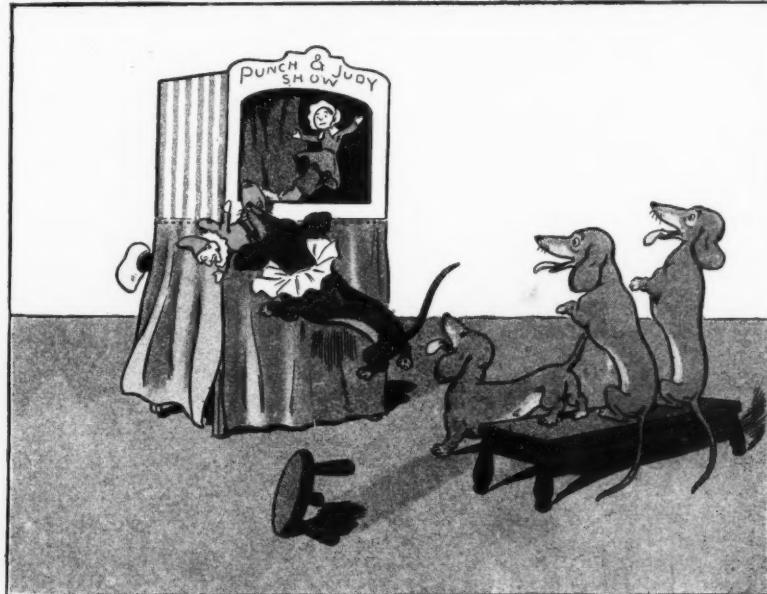
I.  
"Take your seats," said Hans, politely, "it is after half past eight. Keep your eyes upon the curtain, now. You won't have long to wait."



II.  
"I suppose that 's Punch," thought Dackel. "Well—I don't admire his face, And for half a bone, I'd leave this stool and haul him from his place."



III.  
"And I'll do it, too!" he shouted, "if I have to wreck the show! There are times when realism really goes too far, you know."



IV.  
"Did I land him? I should say so—the mean, unfeeling brute! As a rescue scene, that leap of mine was certainly a beaut."



V  
"You dummer Esel!" Hans exclaimed. "Must everything I do Be stopped, or spoiled, or queered, or smashed, or ripped apart by you?"



VI.  
"T would not be right to lose the show because you made a row; So, without your kind permission, we will finish it right now!"

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 37.